

Glamour

Story: Glamour

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Summary: Felix and his entourage arrive in Kolima, chasing a cold trail. What they find there is more terrible than their worst nightmares.

***Chapter 1*: Glamour**

Glamour

A critical miss.

Word Count: 399

Pairings: None

Author's Note: Unnecessarily depressing. Written for the 365 Drabble Challenge.

Their search for the Mars Star so far fruitless, all the lighthouses lit but one, Felix and his entourage eventually found themselves in Bilibin. They were exhausted and dejected, having not seen Isaac and his allies since the fight atop the Mercury Lighthouse, but every day the rift drew nearer and they knew that they were running out of time.

There was a tree rooted on Bilibin's outskirts wearing the remains of what appeared to be a shirt. Out of pity (or shame perhaps, or just because she didn't like the look of it) Menardi burnt it to ashes while Sheba pressed on her ears and wept. From the hushed words of townspeople and Sheba's quiet prodding they headed for the palace of McCoy and learned of the curse of Kolima.

McCoy insisted that they go and investigate, for by now their little group must have appeared grand – there was himself plus Jenna and Kraden, Sheba (the quiet little girl they had accosted in Tolbi), Alex, Saturos and Menardi, plus Agatio and Karst, two lesser warriors from Prox whom they had run into along the way. They had not been to Kolima and most likely would not have gone had Sheba not whispered to Felix that McCoy had been musing about 'four unlucky kids' who had left for Kolima months ago. It was a cold trail

but a trail nonetheless, and beggars most certainly cannot be choosers.

They found Kolima cold and dead, the holy trees long since withered to stumps, the soil thin and dry like desert sand, and full of the same lifeless trees. Sheba heard the wails of the dying and the groans of the newly dead as they walked through the city's broken gates; she refused to enter, and stayed on the outskirts with Karst for company.

They searched for some sort of meaning amongst the dead and came up with nothing until Saturos raised a cry that got them running over. There, rooted in the dull earth, were four trees – their weapons and sundries scattered around them, the Mars Star buried in the heap.

Jenna was still out cold when they conducted the funeral in the traditional Prox fashion, burning the wood until there was nothing left but a rapidly dissipating cloud of smoke and a fading memory.